

**A
FUNERAL DISCOURSE.**

Occasioned by the much lamented

DEATH of Mr. YORICK,

Prebentary of Y - - k

and

**AUTHOR of the much admired LIFE and OPINIONS
of TRISTRAM SHANDY,**

PREACHED

before a very mixed

**Society of JEMMIES, JESSAMIES,
Methodists and Christians,**

AT

A NOCTURNAL MEETING

in PETTICOAT LANE,

and now published

at the unanimous Request of the Hearers

BY

CHRISTOPHER FLAGELLAN, A. M.

and enriched with the

NOTES of VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

*Ambubaiarum Collegia, Pharmacopolæ
Mendici, Mimæ, Balatrones, hoc genus omne
Mæsum ac sollicitum est Doctoris morte Tigelli.*

HORAT. Sæd II. L. 1. 2. 3.

P R I N T E D

at ARETROPOLIS, the Capital of EUTOPIA.

In the Year 1761.

Advertisement.

Whereas it has been maliciously, or rather stupidly reported, that the late Mr. ST--E, alias YORICK, is not dead, but that, on the contrary, he is writing a Fifth and Sixth, and has carried his Plan as far as a Fiftieth and Sixtieth Volume of the Book, called The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy; This is to give Notice, to all whom it may or may not concern, that this Report is absurd, improbable, false and groundless, as will evidently appear to such as read, with any degree of attention, the following Discourse. --- If, therefore, such Fifth and Sixth, or Fiftieth and Sixtieth pretended Volumes of the aforesaid Book should appear in the Shop of any Bookseller or Booksellers, the Publick may be assured, that they are not the production of the late Mr. ST--E, but are rather to be attributed to his Ghastly Ghost, which is said to walk in the Purlieus of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. And the said Publick is moreover intreated to set on foot a prosecution of such Bookseller or Booksellers for thus carrying on an intercourse and correspondence with Evil Spirits.



Dedication.

To the Right Honourable,

The Lord F---G

and

to the very Facetious

Mr. F O O T E,



MY LORD *and* — SIR,

The *Fool's cap*, put upon SOCRATES, did not appear more incongruous and ill-placed, than the *Dedication*, of the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, which was imposed upon his Anti-type WILLIAM PITT, Esqr. To avoid therefore an impropriety of this nature, and to put it

it out of any malevolent Critick's
power to say to me,

——— *pergis pugnantia secum*
Frontibus adversis componere,

HORACE.

I have taken the Liberty, My Lord
and — Sir, to lay at your feet the
following Tragi-comical Effusions of
a heart which is affected, as it ought to
be, by the death and annihilation of
the late Mr. *St--e*, alias *Yorick*.
If you should inquire into the parti-
cular reason of this Dedication, I hope
your curiosity will be satisfied, when
I tell you, that it is entirely owing to
the protection which this *Eminent Di-*
vine received from the PEER, and the
resemblance he bore to the COMEDIAN.

I am, MY LORD and — Sir,

Your most humble and obedient
Servant,

CHRISTOPHER FLAGELLAN.

A second, but short Advertisement.

The Notes, that are Printed with the following Discourse, were composed by the learned Friends of Mr. FLAGELLAN, who perused it in Manuscript. The Editor has published at the End of Each Note, the name of the Critick to whom the Publick is indebted for it. The References and Citations are owing to the labour of Mr. FLAGELLAN himself.

THE HISTORY OF THE

1. The first part of the history is the
2. second part of the history is the
3. third part of the history is the
4. fourth part of the history is the
5. fifth part of the history is the
6. sixth part of the history is the
7. seventh part of the history is the
8. eighth part of the history is the
9. ninth part of the history is the
10. tenth part of the history is the

THE HISTORY OF THE

The Text is to be found in the
first Volume of the Gospel of
the Jemmies, otherwise called
the Life and opinions of Tristram
Shandy, at these words:

ALASS POOR YORICK!

My Brethren,

A certain curate in the famous city
of Paris, being appointed to preach
the Funeral Sermon of this Metro-
politan, began his discourse in the
following manner: "*dearly beloved brethren*
"*and fellow christians* (said he fetching a heavy
"*sigh from the very bottom of his heart)*
"*there are but two things that embarrass me at*
"*this time in the place where I stand, and that*
"*render difficult the task I have undertaken.*
"*The first of these is the LIFE of his grace,*
"*and the second his DEATH. His manner of*
"*living and his manner of dying are the only ob-*
"*jections that can be brought against his cha-*
"*racter, and were it not for these two crosses,*
"*though trifling circumstances, nothing would*
"*have been wanting to render my panegyrick*

B

" com-

"*compleat*." To prevent my falling into the perplexity of this simple curate I shall throw a veil over the life of the mortal author of *Tristram Shandy*, since the best way of conquering difficulties, as well as temptations is by avoiding them. Were we to enter into a detail of the actions, incidents, events, circumstances, exploits, disappointments, intrigues, attempts, plans, affairs, and tricks that make up the motley tablature of his life, (a) both their nature and their number would entirely overpower us, and it would be difficult for us to know, where we should begin or where we should end the whimsical story. But it is his death, that we propose as the gloomy subject of our present meditations. If, however, my dear brethren, you desire to have some faint notion of this man, you will find a small sketch of his *origin*, and *character* in a certain

(a) It has been too often the failing of orators to sacrifice, what may be called, strict and rigorous truth to the harmony and cadence of their periods. Mr. FLA-
GELLAN seems to have run a little into this defect, to render his *enumeration*, (a very powerful trope in oratory!) more striking. The life of YORICK was not so variegated as he seems to imagine. *Tibbaldius Maximus*.

reposit-

repository of literary intelligence, which is well known and justly esteemed. These *literati* tell us that this author was a son of *Comus*; (b) which must be understood undoubtedly, in a figurative and allegorical sense, because it is well known, that *Yorick*, alias St—n, was born of christian parents, however strongly appearances may seem to insinuate the contrary. When therefore, his admirers call him a son of *Comus*, they probably mean no more than this, that he was a lover of his belly, his bottle, and his joke, and was no enemy to nocturnal dancing, (c) which latter circumstance appears probable enough from his story of the *old-clock*. When Doctor YORICK published his sermons, the learned panegyrist, now mentioned, shouted for joy and expressed themselves upon the occasion in the following manner. *It is with pleasure we behold this SON of COMUS* (i. e. the Reverend

NOTES.

(b) See the *Critical Review* Vol. IX. No. 52.

(c) See FABRI *Thesaurus*, at the word *COMUS*, PO-MEY'S *Pantheon*, KING'S *mythology*, BOWER'S *History of the Popes*, and ECHARD'S *causes of the contempt of the clergy*.

Doctor, whose death we lament) *descending from the chair of mirth and frolick, to inspire sentiments of piety, and read lectures of morality to that very audience, whose hearts he had captivated with good natured wit and facetious humour.* (d) This very remarkable passage, my brethren, occasioned some mistakes. It led many people to imagine that our YORICK was by *profession* a buffoon or a comick actor, and that he had once on a time condescended to put on a grave face, and to pen a *sermon* in place of a *farce*, they imagined that the *chair of mirth and frolick* was his usual residence, (e) and that he had mounted the *pulpit*, to astonish as well as to edify the audience, which he had diverted on the theatre. This notion however specious, nay true in several respects, is yet upon the whole false and groundless, for it is well known, that YORICK was a preacher metamorphosed into a buffoon, and not a

NOTES.

(d) See the CRITICAL REVIEW, Vol. IX. No. 52. for May 1760.

(e) And so it was, says the learned and comical FUNIGIUS in his facetious History of the nature, origin and decline of Bartlemy Fair.

buffoon

buffoon converted into a preacher. (f) The same panegyrists give several other hints concerning this jovial and frolicksome *successor of the Apostles*, which may contribute to give some idea of his life, though that, indeed, is sufficiently known. But we repeat it again, it is his death that must occupy our thoughts at present, and this will afford matter enough for this discourse.

(f) There is here an evident mistake in Mr. FLAGELLAN's story of the case. For nature had made *Yorick* a buffoon before the pious and ardent hope of a *fat* living had transformed him into a clergyman. This feigned character, as is well known, sat very ill upon him, so that even in his very sermons every one could discern the marks of a strong propensity to fall back into his natural bent. At last he fell plump into the bosom of nature and declared his jovial relapse to the world by publishing the Life and Opinions of *Tristram Shandy*. Whether he was then a clergyman converted into a buffoon, or rather remained both one and the other, is a question that must be decided in the affirmative or negative according to the definition we give of the term *clergyman*. As Mr. FLAGELLAN has resolved this question in another part of this discourse, we shall refer the reader to his observations.

To

To proceed then with order in treating this unparelled subject we shall, in the 1st. place prove, dont be surprized gentle reader, that the Rev. *Dr. Yorick* alias St—n, is dead, yea dead. 2dly. we shall consider this lamentable event with respect to those societies or individuals to whom it is a most affecting and irreparable loss, 3dly. we shall answer the various objections that have been mouthed and handed about against the deceased, and shall conclude with an *improper* application of the whole.

1 First then I am to prove that the Reverend Dr. YORRICK, is — ah! what do I say! — dead; dead indeed? — yea, dead. — Some singular circumstances of this fatal exit will also come naturally under this first head.

The deplorable and ever to be lamented death of Dr. YORRICK. — *Why, Sir,* (will some of my cavilling hearers say within themselves) *the man is still alive.* Patience, gentle hearer, whoever though art that indulgest this unbelieving thought, patience for a moment, — pray what do you call *life*? you will perhaps answer, that every body knows
what

what *life* is ; but I am very far from being of that opinion. You will say, that *life* is a certain state of — that, in short, it is to be *alive*, and that you saw Dr. YORRICK in the tavern yesterday with his wig under the table, drinking in a sparkling brimmer *the best in Christendom*. We grant the fact ; we only alledge that it does not give any force to your objection ; for had you seen him moving, eating, drinking, digesting, and evacuating, this would not, taken altogether, amount to a proof that he was *alive*. Did you never hear of the famous duck of the ingenious *Vaucanson*, which performed all these *animal* functions with the greatest facility and precision, and yet — was no more than a piece of wood curiously wrought, according to mechanical principles, by that admirable artist. — But that you may not look upon this as a mere evasion let us enter more deeply into the matter ; for we live in a strange sceptical age, in which the plainest truths are called in question, and self-evident propositions are looked upon as problematical. One denies the existence of *motion*, another that of *matter*, and a third that
of

of *spirit*. A famous Scotch philosopher, who has for many years past, been blowing with great self-complacence, pretty, glittering, dazzling bubbles of metaphysick into the atmosphere of science, has denied the connexion between *cause* and *effect*, (*g*) and even called in question the existence of *body* and *spirit*. (*b*) It will not then be wondered that, in this discourse, I set myself to prove such an evident and palpable truth as the death of poor *Yorick*, and if I am obliged to be more learned and logical upon this point, than is usual in sermons, the fault must be charged upon the incredulity and scepticism of the times.

To remove at the same time all subject of chicane ; I shall explain, 1st. what I do not mean and 2dly, what I do mean when I say that Dr. YORRICK *is dead*. —

N O T E S.

(*g*) See the essay upon power in a certain bundle of intricacies entitled *Philosophical essays upon human understanding*.

(*b*) See a *treatise upon human nature* by the same author in 2 large volumes 8vo. which have been little read and less understood.

First

First then *negatively*, when I say that Yorick is dead, I do not mean, that he is yet so far dead as to be in the case required by the will of a late testator whose effects were to be transmitted to a second heir when the first was *breathless, rotten, and damned.* (i) I do not even pretend to say that our deceased Doctor ought to be buried in any other grave than that of oblivion, where he now lies low; for were his body laid six foot under ground, the sons of Themis might pronounce, that he was buried alive. — What I mean then 2dly, and *positively*, is, that of the two principal kinds of life distinguished by the epithets of *animal* and *spiritual*, or (to speak more philosophically) *brutal* and *intellectual*, the former alone is possessed by YORICK, in whom the *animal* lives, while the *man* is dead. Perhaps, dearly beloved, you may here again deceive yourselves and imagine I mean, that YORICK is *dead* in trespasses and sins. No, no, that is not my meaning; for were this true in fact, it is the case of many, as well as of him, and

(i) See the *Daily Advertiser*.

this circumstance alone would not furnish a sufficient pretext for preaching, with so much solemnity, his funeral sermon. That is but a mere *moral death*, which, in the opinion of our times, does not hinder a man from appearing sound, lively, and well, or from being esteemed a good citizen, a good companion, a good friend, a good author, a good minister, a good bishop, a good methodist, a good every thing, in short, but a good christian, which last character has long ceased to be an object of private ambition or public esteem. Besides, it has been conjectured by some deep thinkers, that the *moral part* of YORICK's soul was *still-born*, (*k*) and that he never enjoyed any kind of life, but the *animal* and *intellectual*. Now if this be the case, he cannot be dead in trespasses or sins or morally dead, for to suppose a man *morally dead*, im-

(*k*) See a discourse formerly published by the learned and pious Dr. SECKER, (now Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury) *de Partu Difficili*. See also, EPAPHRODITUS BULFINGER *de Generatione Animarum Lib vi. Cap. 89.*

plies

plies evidently that he was once *morally alive*. (1) It is at least, certain that his father, who was a good man, intended that his son should be a christian and even designed him for a ghostly profession; with this view he brought him to church to have him received into the congregation of the faithful. But—O! marvellous and ominous event! the wayward infant, after the example of the Emperor CONSTANTINE COPRONYMUS eased himself in the baptismal fount, which was looked upon as a presage of his future contempt of religion and morality, and was interpreted as if he had said a f— for both.

To return then to our subject (for peace to the departed *spirit* of YORICK he has

N O T E.

(1) Dr. FLAGELLAN seems to reason here much in the manner of the late excellent Dr. SHERLOCK Bishop of London. Every one will not understand this note.

much infected us with the itch of digressions) we lament the death of YORICK's better part, that part which was the vehicle of judgment and wit. That this *part* was not *still-born* is manifest from the excellent sermons that appeared to the world under his name, and that it is now totally dead appears as evidently from the Book entitled, *the Life and opinions of Tristram Shandy*, and more especially from the III and IV Volumes, we may say the *last* of that wonderful performance. In the two first Volumes of this work, YORICK appeared sick and declining, yet certain sparks of intellectual fire flew out here and there, which prevented our looking upon his wit, as utterly evaporated; nay, there seemed to be some hopes of its recovery, notwithstanding the long fits of absence, perplexity and delirium into which it had fallen. But no sooner did the two last Volumes appear, than all the sons of drollery yawned over the witless, senseless, lifeless page, and striking their
pensive

pensive bosoms, said within themselves, YORICK is no more what he was, and of his recovery there is no hope. They saw his wit labouring, tugging, striving for life, but all to no purpose. They saw it sinking under every effort to keep it alive, and observed that the *History of Noses* or SLAWKENBERGIUS'S *tale* instead of raising it above the water, made it sink much deeper, and presented to the reader the most amazing, unintelligible jumble of words, that perhaps has been penned or pronounced either in ancient or modern times. They lamented the total extinction of poor YORICK'S judgment and the absolute annihilation of his wit, succeeded by dreadful fits of raving in which he evacuated many incoherent and obscure words and sentences. These sentences multiplied prodigiously the number of head aches among the good people of England, who strained the fibres of their anxious brains to find wit among the excrements of a dying genius.

YORICK

YORICK, himself, perceived the approaching end of his intellects ; yet from the eager thirst of fame that consumed him, he endeavoured to conceal the matter. He called about him in his last moments his friends and intimates, and addressed to them the following Discourse :

“ *Jemmies, Bucks, Peers, and Parsons.*
 “ Hear the last words of Poor YORICK.
 “ — You see me here, Gentlemen, in a
 “ most pitiful plight, — in the condition
 “ of one who made his court to *fame*, as-
 “ pired after *wit*, and is now upon the
 “ point of being abandoned by both. I
 “ have been well informed, that the pu-
 “ blick, which, you know, is a many-
 “ headed, and consequently a fickle, Mon-
 “ ster, has begun to turn its applause into
 “ contempt, and my works having no lon-
 “ ger the merit of novelty, nor the poig-
 “ nancy of wit, are like to meet with a ve-
 “ ry

" ry bad fate. This, I own, goes to my
 " heart.—The *hatred* of man I value not
 " —but I cannot stand firm against *con-*
 " *tempt*. When an old-fashioned society of
 " *Monthly Criticks*, (*n*) who have undertak-
 " en to maintain the desperate cause of
 " good sense, good writing, and common
 " decency, attacked me with serious re-
 " monstrances, and asserted that a *Doctor of*
 " *Divinity* made an absurd figure in the
 " form of a harlequin and an obscene buf-
 " foon, you know how lightly I treated that
 " admonition, and how little I was affect-
 " ed with the inconsistency that there real-
 " ly was between my jocose writings and

N O T E.

(*n*) Dr. Y O R I C K means here the authors of
 the Monthly Review, and alludes to their ad-
 mirable extract of his sermons. An extract, in
 which satire appeared with dignity, and in which,
 also, the most lively wit was employed in the ser-
 vice of decency and virtue. *Rosarius Philologicus*
& Philartus.

my

“ my ghostly character. All this, howe-
 “ ver it might ruffle my *jerkin*, did not
 “ once touch the *lining*. (o) Thanks to
 “ Comus and Bacchus, I am tolerably hard
 “ within; and as long as my *animal spi-*
 “ *rits* were in a glow, and their motions
 “ were supported by good *eating*, with
 “ mirth and jollity, I never minded what a
 “ parcel of old, musty, Cromwellian Di-
 “ vines used to call the *four last things*. (p)

N O T E S.

(o) See p. 13 and 16 of the III. Volume of the much-forgotten book entitled *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*.

(p) As the *Four last things* are not much known in this age, it may not be improper to inform the reader, that by them are meant *death, judgment, heaven and hell*. Commentators are not all agreed concerning the reason why they are called *the four last things*. They must undoubtedly be so named, either because they are *indeed* the very *last things* that People generally think of, or, because, in the order of time, they conclude the transitory drama of this present life. *Warburtonius*.

How

" How long I may be proof against the
 " clamours of some bishops, who, I am
 " told, are Christians, and against the re-
 " monstrances of an *inward monitor*, who
 " has not the courage to follow me thro'
 " thick and thin, I cannot tell. For if
 " *contempt* comes, I shall be dejected ;—
 " if I am dejected, I shall *think*, and if I
 " think, my repose is at an end. So, Gen-
 " tlemen, for G--d's sake save me from
 " *contempt*, or else I am undone. ———
 " You know what obligations you are un-
 " der to me, (*here he began to sob and sigh*)
 " I have turned myself into all shapes to
 " procure you amusement, and to enable
 " you to kill the heavy moments. I have
 " joined together the most jarring and he-
 " terogeneous forms to make you laugh.
 " I have converted my *busby wig* into a
 " *fool's cap*, my venerable cassock into a
 " pickle-herring's particoloured vest ; I
 " have boxed the compass of facetiousness
 " and drollery to distend your lungs and
 " cheer your spirits. I strained — and

D

strain,

“ strained — all my brainstrings to force
 “ wit from art, when nature refused it.
 “ I have incurred the indignation of all
 “ good Christians; and acted as if *religion*
 “ were a — (pray silence within, impor-
 “ tunate monitor !) I was saying — gen-
 “ tlemen, that I have acted as if *religion*
 “ was a *farce* to gain your favour. I have
 “ sacrificed the gravity of my profession,
 “ the demands of my ministry, the esteem
 “ of the wise (*here he seemed to be seized with*
the gripes or with some internal paroxysm that
produced a similar effect, even a dreadful wry
face, which, added to the natural asperity of
his saturnine visage, made him grin horribly,
and conceal his agony in a ghastly smile) to
 “ prop — prop — propagate the reign of
 “ mirth in your nocturnal societies. —
 “ *Miscebam sacra profanis.* — and after
 “ all, notwithstanding how fashionable it
 “ is to be senselessly profane, I fear *contempt*,
 “ — Contempt is going to pursue me
 “ — and the inward monitor tells me
 “ I deserve it. Oh ! gentlemen and ladies
 guard

“ guard me against contempt. ———
 “ Contempt—— contempt—— (*here*
he began to rave) in Latin, *contemptus*——
 “ in French, *mépris*—— Stand off, thou
 “ heart-dejecting spectre —— Where
 “ shall I take refuge ? —— Where !
 “ ah where ! In the walls of *Namur*, for-
 “ tified by unc’le Toby ! Ah !—Slop—
 “ avaunt —— who knows whether my
 “ friend F O O T E will not abandon me—
 “ take me off as he has done *Whitefield*,
 “ and thus exhibit to pit, box, and galle-
 “ ries the two extremes of folly ! ——

When our poor friend, my dear bre-
 thren, had continued sometime in this wret-
 ched state, he came to himself a little, and
 one of his intimate companions asked him
 why he feared contempt so much, since his
 book had been so graciously received by the
 publick. Why, Y O R I C K, said he, was
 ever book attended with such favourable
 circumstances as yours ? It was dedicated

to a minister (*q*), read by the clergy (*r*), approved of by the wits (*s*), studied by the

N O T E S.

(*q*) It was, indeed, dedicated to the right and truly honourable WILLIAM PITT Esq; The propriety of this dedication struck the judicious part of mankind very much, and recalled to their remembrance several very famous dedications, in which the same kind of aptitude and decorum reigned; among others a treatise upon the sweets of *arbitrary* power to CATO of *Utica*, a dissertation upon the *Grecian Dance* to CATO the *Censor*; the pleasures of a *spiritual feast* to the late arch-bishop of Y - - k; the history of the *Goths and Vandals* to the *Earl of BUTE*; and to name but three more, *Machiavel's Prince* to his Majesty King GEORGE the third, an essay upon *plain-dealing* to the *French ministry*, and a sentimental discourse upon the pleasures of *chastity* to the *empress of Russia*.

(*r*) The late arch-bishop of Y**k, Dr. G*****t of leaden memory, used to say, that he was so delighted with the life and opinions of Tristram Shandy, that he read them once every six weeks. Did he preach as often? No. *Poppius Ficinus*.

(*s*) A learned, or rather judicious critick imagines that there is here an error of the press, and that instead of *Wits*, we must read *Witlings*. *Bentliculus*.

mer-

merchants, gazed at by the ladies, and ~~was~~ become the pocket-companion of the nation. Besides, it procured you a benefice^(t), and enriched Mr. *Dodsley*.

At the name of *Dodsley*, YORICK lifted a feeble eye, resumed strength, recollected all his fire to express his indignation, looked aghast for some moments — and uttered in broken accents the words which follow :

“ *Dodsley* -- name fatal to YORICK -- and
 “ ominous to the Shandean race — *Dodsley*
 “ has been my ruin. — It is to him I owe
 “ my death — the approaching annihilation
 “ of my thinking substance. It is owing
 “ to him, that I am soon to be no more
 “ than a material mass, moved by *animal*
 “ *spirits*, whose fermentation will be called

N O T E.

(*t*) Yorick's friend is surely mistaken here, it is scarcely possible in the nature of things, that Yorick should have received a benefice as a recompense for the book here under consideration. Otherwise we may hope to see Mr. *Foot* one day Arch-Bishop of Canterbury. The question is in whose gift the benefice was, aye, that indeed, is the question. See the *dedication*,

life,

“ life, and accompanied with *memory*, which
 “ metaphysicians look upon as *corporal*.
 “ *Doddsley* has been my ruin — he has forced
 “ *wit*, which will not be forced, and has
 “ cracked the strings of my intellect by
 “ drawing them too violently. I gave
 “ him two Volumes of pretty good stuff,
 “ and the unexpected sale of them made
 “ him yawn after twenty. Twenty said
 “ I, — Mr. *Doddsley* — that cannot be. — It is
 “ impossible to hold out so long in the
 “ strain, upon which I began. It is too ex-
 “ traordinary to be. — No matter what strain
 “ you write in, *replied the judicious book-*
 “ *seller* ; it is now become the *mode* to ad-
 “ mire you ; — the giddy part of the nation
 “ are your zealous patrons, and the public
 “ voice is in your favour ; — therefore what-
 “ ever you disgorge, were your productions
 “ nothing more than the wretched crudi-
 “ ties of a disturbed brain, they will be swal-
 “ lowed with avidity, provided — aye, *said*
 “ I, I understand you, provided they be
 “ larded with a little bawdy, nicely gawzed
 “ over, and seasoned with a proper mix-
 “ ture

“ ture of impiety and profaneness.——
 “ That is not all, Sir,— *replied the man-*
 “ *midwife of the republick of letters*, I add
 “ another proviso, that you continue to fol-
 “ low a rule, which you have tolerably well
 “ observed in your two first volumes. That
 “ rule is, that when *wit* does not flow, you
 “ must become *unintelligible* rather than con-
 “ tinue *insipid*.—Obscurity, Sir, is an admira-
 “ ble thing ; it excites respect, and ma-
 “ ny of your readers will admire you in pro-
 “ portion as they cease to understand you.
 “ By the specimens they have had of your
 “ wit they will conclude that where the
 “ wit does not strike them, as for example
 “ in your intended *chapter of noses*, it must
 “ be their fault, and not yours, they will
 “ suppose that this same wit lies like truth
 “ in a well, and they will laugh with a foolish
 “ listh of praise at every thing you say, pro-
 “ vided it be thrown with a happy air of
 “ ease and impudence. *Obscurity*, Sir, I
 “ repeat it, is an admirable thing, and it
 “ has given reputation to many an au-
 “ thor.

" thor.—— Pray Master Y O R I C K are
 " you so much deceived with respect to the
 " truth of things, as to imagine that your
 " two first Volumes were admired only for
 " their wit? — Wit indeed there was in
 " them more or less—some striking images
 " of a ludicrous kind; and though you
 " had no principal figures that made a true
 " composition, yet the corners of your
 " picture presented here and there enter-
 " taining decorations. But after all, Sir,
 " wit was not the only thing that drew ap-
 " plause. ODDITY was the bait that hook-
 " ed in the gaping multitude.—Oddity in
 " the author who united the two most con-
 " tradictory characters : *Oddity* in the book,
 " which, certainly resembles nothing that
 " ever was, or ever will be, which is with-
 " out any design moral or immoral, and
 " is no more, indeed, than a combination
 " of notions, facts, and circumstances,
 " that terminate in—*nothing*. So then, Sir,
 " give me twenty Volumes more of this
 " same brilliant, striking, interesting *noth-*
 " *ing*. It is wonderfully suited to the taste
 " of

“ of the age; it will tickle the wanton,
 “ amuse the unthinking countenance the
 “ profane, and carry on to perfection that
 “ spirit of trifling that makes such a rapid
 “ progress among us. At the same time,
 “ my Reverend Buck, I have no objection
 “ to your being as witty as you please;—
 “ none at all—and here, said he, (chinking
 “ a long green purse full of yellow boys)
 “ here is the source of wit, the dispenser
 “ of genius, the master of arts, and not
 “ the belly alone, as Juvenal falsely ima-
 “ gined. (u)

“ So spoke D--n-y, and these his last
 “ words, were to my ears what Hertford-
 “ shire cyder is to a thirsty soul, a roasted
 “ sirloin to a craving stomach, or a
 “ plump - - - partridge to a keen hun-
 “ ter. I swallowed inconsiderately the
 “ bate—I fell a writing, and a writing,

N O T E.

(u) *Magister Artis et Ingeni Largitor, Venter.*

E

“ like

“ like a certain Doctor who has invented
 “ more remedies than there are diseases. I
 “ flowed muddy, like *Lucilius*, and as I
 “ wrote upon *nothing*, *i. e.* upon no given
 “ subject of any kind, so every thing was
 “ equally adapted to my purpose. Thus
 “ then I went on without time or reason,
 “ writing through thick and thin, flying
 “ like the people of Straßburgh, here and
 “ there—in at one door, out at another—
 “ this way and that way—long ways
 “ and cross ways—till unfortunately one
 “ of the multitude, who had followed me
 “ through two Volumes laughing and ap-
 “ plauding, took it into his head one day
 “ to ask himself what he had been ap-
 “ plauding.—An unhappy question for
 “ me—my dear friends,—for upon
 “ examining himself he found, that, nine
 “ times in ten, he had been applauding
 “ through meer *sympathy*, which (accord-
 “ ing to the learned and ingenious Mr.
 “ SMITH) is the supreme mover and gover-
 “ nor general of all our moral sentiments
 “ and

“ and affections; (*w*) he found, to ex-
 “ plain the thing less metaphysically, that
 “ it was become modish and epidemical to
 “ laugh and admire in reading my book,
 “ and that he was involuntarily seized with
 “ the general contagion.—In short—he
 “ would laugh no more—and—from
 “ that moment I date my ruin; for the
 “ contagion changed sides against me: the
 “ man, now mentioned, put the same que-
 “ stion to others that he had put to him-
 “ self, and it was answered in the same
 “ manner. At the appearance, and reading
 “ of my third and fourth Volume, every man
 “ shrugged his shoulders—composed his
 “ features towards an air of *contempt*, of
 “ which I have been myself the melanco-
 “ ly witness. A few of my friends endea-
 “ voured to maintain my cause; they read,

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(*w*) See *the Theory of Moral Sentiments* by Mr.
 ADAM SMITH, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the
 University of Glasgow.

“ but—yawned, and the forced laugh
 “ was interrupted in the middle by a wide
 “ gape, which formed a contrast of fea-
 “ tures ridiculous beyond measure. —
 “ Thus, Gentlemen, I am undone. —
 “ My reputation is gone—fame indeed
 “ spreads my name abroa^d, but it is alas!
 “ with her *posterior* trumpet;—my infant
 “ Tristram is smothered in his cradle; Dr.
 “ SLOP pinched off his nose, and the pub-
 “ lick, which were designed to be his nurs-
 “ ing-mothers, have over laid him through
 “ neglect. —*Ecce transit gloria mundi*—
 “ let us eat and drink and drink for to-
 “ morrow we die. — (*Here after some violent*
 “ *fits of raving.* YORICK *breathed out his*
 “ *intellectual part.*”)

Thus expired the glory of YORICK,
 whose existence is now reduced to matter
 and motion, and here.—My brethren let us
 pause, — to pause is wise — and were I so
 happy as to have imbibed a portion of that
 spirit whose extinction we lament, I should
 not fail to give you a learned digression
 upon

upon pauses.—*Pauses* indeed are striking things—as you will be convinced if you go to hear the great orators at Drury-Lane Monkswell-Street, &c.—There is a pause of prudence which embellishes a void, and makes the speaker appear eloquent when he has nothing to say.—There is a pause of application, which enforces what has been said—and there is a pause of preparation to draw attention to what is yet to be said. (x)

My

N O T E.

(x) Mr. FLAGELLAN while he was repeating this triple distinction of pauses, looked his part admirably, and represented, with exquisite expression, the three different pauses by a triple modification of his most significant countenance.—I wish the Printer could have given us an image of this! —but how print a pause, or the looks that accompany it? — This defect in the art of printing offers a very striking, and adequate reason why the sermons of many Prelates and Doctors, which have been *heard* with the greatest attention and rapture have been *read* with the most stegmatick indifference and insensibility. For it was impossible to print in a perfect conjunction with the
flowing

My pause is not of the first kind, because nothing can equal the riches of my subject, but it is a compound of the two last, and this is the elegant transition by which I pass or rather glide on to the second head of this discourse, in which we proposed,

To consider this lamentable event, even the death of poor Yorick with respect to those societies or individuals to whom it is a most affecting and irreparable loss.

This head will be very short, when compared with the former.—You imagine perhaps, that I would humorously insinuate thereby, that the facetious Doctor's death,

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flowing periods, the fine bushy wigg, the venerable look softened by an engaging smile, the mellow, strong, and well-modulated voice, the flowing gown, the stately person, the graceful attitude, and other such transitory ingredients of pulpit-eloquence. The portrait of the preacher prefixed to his sermons does not at all supply this defect—since it rarely exhibits any thing beyond a mere *Caput mortuum*.

is little lamented and deplored, and that he has left as many dry cheeks behind him as if he had been a King, or an Emperor. You mistake me entirely, gentle hearers; the number of those that deplore the annihilation of our late friend is very great. And if I am more brief than might be expected upon this doleful part of my doleful subject, I have my reasons.— That is all that I shall say at present upon the matter. —

To return then to my subject — the death of the late Dr. YORICK is an unfortunate event

1st, For the *time-killers* in general ; a society much more, I should say, infinitely more numerous than that of their mortal enemies, the society for promoting arts, commerce, and manufactures.

Weep, O weep for the death of YORICK, and the suffocation of Tristram, ye male and female children of leisure, whom

whom want of employment, abundance of high feeding, and paucity of ideas, cast into that lethargick dejection, or rather *inactivity* of mind commonly called *vapours*;—for the facetious biographer, whose decease we lament, often roused you from this wretched state. He used, one way or another, to put your spirits in a salutary flutter, either by *winding* up your ——— imagnations, by exercising your sagacity, or by exciting your laughter. He would, had his time been prolonged, have defended you against *time* itself; yes, against *time*, that sluggish friend, which crawls out your insignificant existence to such a tedious length, and which, though it dies daily under the barbarous blows you give it, yet constantly resumes a new existence to renew your torment.— You know, that the *good* man had in a manner engaged himself to *write* as long as he *lived*, (y) and, in-

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(y) “ ——— being determined as long as I live
deed,

deed, if we consider the manner of treating his subject that he has observed hitherto; any subject, let it be what it may, would furnish matter for innumerable volumes to a pen like his. A man that could fill almost three volumes with the life of his hero, before that hero was born (z) must have been possessed of such a batological fertility as nothing could exhaust. Here then, had YORICK lived, was a fine prospect for those *reading* time-killers, who cannot support their wretched existence, if it is not animated with a succession of objects that excite and satisfy their curiosity, tickle their fancies, and enflame their passions. In the flattering prospect of volume after volume for many succeeding years, what a rich fund of entertainment was laid

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" or write, which in my case, mean the same

" thing ———" *Life and opinions of Tristram Shandy*,
vol. III. p. 16.

(z) If this resembles an Hibernian Bull, it must be laid to the charge of him that occasioned it.

up for them ? — All this prospect has disappeared : YORICK writes, or at least, prints no more, and therefore he is dead, according to his own declaration.

I will not insist, *2dly*, on the loss which the church has suffered by the death of YORICK, because this is a point, which I might not perhaps be able to render clear and convincing to the generality of those that shall read my sermon, when it is printed ; tho' I think to you, my *worthy* hearers, (*a*) the matter must be sufficiently evident.

It has been often observed, that nothing tends more to the credit of religion, than purging it from those prejudices that dishonour its simplicity. How free YORICK was from all prejudices of every kind, is well known. He had levelled them with a Herculean hand. Nay, the common pre-
ju-

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(*a*) By his *worthy hearers*, Mr. FLAGELLAN here understood, without doubt, that part of his audience, which comprehended the *Bucks* and *Jemmies*.

judices of education, which are the hardest to conquer, and which tend to give religion and morality a *despotick* sway over the hearts of men which were created *free*, fell before his victorious arm. — I don't like much to enlarge upon this topic, — there are still some squeamish stomachs, which cannot digest strong food; you understand me — a word to the wife is sufficient.

Need I mention, *3dly*, the extraordinary manner in which the death of our late jovial friend must affect the coffee-houses of London in particular, and Great Britain in general. There has of late been observed a remarkable stagnation of prattle and tittle-tattle in these promiscuous abodes of heterogeneous mortals. The coronation, indeed, revived a little the spirit of loquacity, and set many tongues agoing. The news of a battle or defeat produce now and then the same effect. But these are only incidental topicks of conver-

sation, which may serve for a few days and are soon exhausted. The Ministry, to the sorrow of those who are by nature Grumble-tonians, are absolutely above censure, and the name of that virtuous and truly patriot King, who now adorns the British throne cannot be pronounced without exciting the warmest sentiments of love and veneration, and the sincerest effusions of applause. But we generally are more prone to censure than to praise. And even when we praise, we dont love to praise long. So that King and ministry, after being praised for a while with much verbosity on account of the *novelty* as well as the *greatness* of the merit which they display in their high spheres, will soon become the objects of *silent* veneration and esteem. Britons in this age are like the Athenians of old, they are always in search of something new, to arouze their loquacity, and though, indeed, it was very *new*, to see such a king, and two such ministers (*b*), yet it will we hope in time be *old*.

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(*b*) This was written before the late change in
May

May they see their hoary heads crowned with such honours, as shall animate the virtuous ambition of the rising generation to follow their examples. — Lord ! what a digression ! — You have not, however, forgot what I was saying. — The coffee-houses want matter. — Opposition, which was always a rich source of small and big talk, being struck dumb, what was left to exercise the lungs of our vociferous cits, but *the life and opinions of Tristram Shandy* ? The events, incidents, attitudes, points of view, tales, reflections, apostrophe's, digressions, characters, hints, strokes, pushes, touches, portraits, double entendres, lights, and shades of that admirable work, would have furnished them conversation for many years, had its mortal author found the means of escaping death and oblivion.

I hasten, my brethren, (for I perceive that I grow prolix, and you perhaps may have perceived it long ago) to the III^d and last

the ministry, and Mr. FLAGELLAN hopes, that there is not, nor ever will be, reason to change it, or to wish it *un-written*. *Vicarius Brainus.*

head

head of this discourse, in which I proposed to answer the objections that have been mouthed and handed about against the memory and good fame of the deceased. You will now perhaps imagine within yourselves that this is the most difficult part of my subject, and that I have undertaken here a task, beyond any man's power to execute. But here you mistake entirely the matter—— and I enter into this branch of my sermon with the utmost confidence, with the most triumphant assurance.

I. Objection. *Dr. Yorick in writing a romance, wrote upon a subject foreign to his vocation, and thereby grossly misapplied his time.*

Answer. If this were a real crime, Lord have mercy upon the greatest part of us ! for perhaps no crime was ever so general in our days, as that of writing, nay and living too out of character. We might hide *Yorick* from the force of this objection with the numbers that are in the same case, and say with *Juvenal*,

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges.

It

It may be farther observed, that persons may be extremely unfit for the duties of a vocation, into which they are thrown by chance, interest, or such-like causes; and when they are unfit for the duties of their own vocation, is it not rather laudable than criminal to act in foreign characters? Is not this better than not to act at all?——This was precisely the case of YORICK. Neither *nature* nor *grace* had called him to be a Minister of Christ: yet he *fortuitously* or *cunningly* became a Parson in spite of both. In this new and ill-suited character he looked like a *Bacchanal* in a *hermitage*, and said first to himself and afterwards to the world;

Naturam expellas furca licet usque recurret.

His cabinet became the nursery of a romance, and his life——something more substantial. This is somewhat obscure,——the spirit of Tristram was again coming upon me — avant thou fiend of *darkness visible*.

But after all, we rest our cause here upon the strength of numbers, and only alledge that *Yorick* was not criminal in taking up
an

an *occupation* foreign to his profession, since many are in the same case, who are not even accused. Who ever reproached the Reverend Mr. P - - - - p F - - - - s, with spending the flower and strength of his days in translating and commenting the odes, epodes, satires and epistles of that agreeable and elegant rake *Horace*, though it is plain that his vocation pointed out to him studies and occupations of a quite different nature? Who ever blamed the very learned and ghostly Chancellor of L-----n for spending those precious moments upon the orations of Demosthenes that his profession demanded for the discourses and precepts of his Great Master, *who spoke as never man spoke?* (c) We shall not speak of the ingenious

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(c) This was the eminent Divine, who at the end of a laborious book, which contained an elegant mixture of *Civil Law* and *Philology*, added his lucubrations upon an old piece of moulded copper, and in these lucubrations attempted to prove to the great astonishment of *History* and *common sense* (who turned their astonishment into laughter when they had heard his

argu-

nious author of the ROSCIAD, — because we distinguish between an *amusement* and an *occupation*; though we might of the most critical and Greek-learned bishop who is about to give us another bad edition of Longinus. It would be endless to mention the number of Divines who have been sweating over the Polytheist *Homer*, the Atheist *Lucretius* and the Epicurean *Virgil*, while WEST and LITTLETON were writing upon the Resurrection of Christ and the Conversion of the Glorious Apostle of the Gentiles. (*b*) — Such then being the state of the case, why should YORICK be re-

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proach-

NOTES.

arguments) that the first christians were not persecuted for their *Religion*, but for their *nocturnal assemblies*, — and that persecution for religious opinions grew first in a christian soil. *Africanus Benthicarius*.

(*b*) It is not to be imagined that Mr. FLAGELLAN has here mentioned the late excellent Mr. WEST, and the truly learned and worthy PEER whose name is here joined with his, as persons, writing out of their profession. No, — they wrote in a character, which both their writings and their lives have displayed in
its

proached for doing, what so many have done with impunity? Why should he be blamed for sending to his garret or the snuffshop the Bible, the Fathers, the commentators, &c. and placing upon his reading-desk *Petronius* and *Rabelais*, *Cervantes*, and *Slawkenbergius*. — You may not perhaps be acquainted with this latter.—It was the Gentleman who wrote the Chapter of Noses, a chapter so famous for its perspicuity, sense, and decency; a chapter however, at which certain old-fashioned and un-initiated readers, not knowing whether they were to laugh or weep, struck the diagonal or middle-way — and yawned — but with a frown. (c)

Id.

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its true colours, in the respectable character of christians. And they have contributed more to the support of the best of all causes, (which owes its present decay, rather to levity and voluptuousness, than reason and argument) than the two thirds of that Reverend Bench that nod at the head of a declining Church. *Warburtonius*.

(c) This shews the singular effect of the *Chapter of Noses*, because according to the conformation of the muscles

Ild. Objection. Both the writings and discourse of Dr. Yorick were larded with obscenities, and this is quite inconsistent with the character of a clergy-man.

Answer. There are two ways of eluding the force of this objection. — The one by alledging, that Yorick was not really and essentially a clergyman; and then the objection is prevented; — the other, by proving, that he was not obscene either in writings or discourse, and then the objection is directly destroyed. — If I cannot sufficiently make out this second point, I shall but tress it with a third in order to prove that obscenity in writing or discourse is not always a proof that a man is either dishonest or immoral.

The first of these points does not demand a long discussion. Its decision depends upon the definition of a clergyman. If by a clergyman, you mean, a two-legged animal,

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N O T E.

muscles of the face, a yawn is most naturally followed with a certain unmeaning serenity of countenance, which even approaches to a smile. *Hillius Anatomico-Herbario-Ethico-dramatico-philologico-Theologico-Chymicus.*

without feathers, of an erect posture, not less than four, nor more than seven foot high, with a great quantity of fictitious hair about his head that looks like the erected quills of an angry porcupine, together with a long black robe, and a white piece of cambrick under his chin, then it must be acknowledged that according to this definition, the deceased Doctor was *really* a clergy-man and therefore the objection under consideration is not yet prevented. But if besides the circumstances of being *two-legged, without feathers,* and the others now-mentioned, you comprehend in your definition, *piety of sentiment, dignity of behaviour, sanctity of manners, zeal for the advancement of religion and virtue,* and a *prevailing habit of decency and propriety* that does not even desert the hours of relaxation and pleasure, then the objection is prevented; for according to this definition our deceased Friend was not a clergyman. He, indeed, though in the foremost rank, is not the only one whose *indelible* character would be utterly effaced by this definition. It is a terrible definition, my brethren, would prove

prove a sort of a *draw-cansir* among the sacred legions of the Church, and destroy the *clerical existence of thousands*.

But lest you should cavil at the *nice* and *subtile* distinction which I have here made between a clergyman in one sense, and a clergyman in another, I will not rest here the defence of Poor Yorick, but *directly* destroy the force of the objection by proving that the deceased was not obscene neither in his writings nor discourse. — And here I observe,

In the *first place*, that he was not obscene in his words. There is not a single word in the life of Tristram Shandy, (if you will except some bye-words of Sergeant *Trim*, and some technical terms of Dr. *Slop*) that is not to be found, without any note of infamy, in the dictionary of the learned, grave, venerable and solemn Mr. *Samuel Johnson*. Nay, so far did our departed friend carry his delicacy on that head, that knowing that the chafest words might sometimes be the innocent occasion of exciting the foulest ide-

as,

as, he expressed himself frequently by a dash — without even using the initial letters, lest some wag more sagacious than his fellows should peep into his meaning.

If you alledge, that dashes — are often very expressive and clear when taken in their connexions, and that there are several phrases in the book in question, that, pure as the words which compose them may be, are yet, when taken together, expressive of lascivious operations and impure motions, I answer ; that this is unavoidable, unless we abandon the words that are the most in use, and that are employed even by prudes themselves. The terms *marriage*, *marriage-bed*, *wedding-night*, *pregnancy*, and many others convey precisely the same ideas, which poor YORICK is blamed for having excited in several parts of his book. Do but analyse these expressions and the sentences in which they are employed every day, and you will find yourselves just where YORICK was leading your palpitating fancies, when he
talked

talked of *winding up the old clock*, of the *stranger's cod-piece*, or of his *mother's not caring to let a man come so near her* ****. Are not the words *adultery*, *fornication*, and the like pronounced every day by the purest mouths, and where is the vestal that does not talk without a blush of the village of *Maiden-head*, of *Petticoat-lane*, where we are at present assembled, tho' we need not insinuate the collateral and accessory ideas which start up at the pronounciation of these innocent terms? The historian *Mezerai* tells us of a priest, who had been surprized in bed with his neighbour's wife, and who was punished by the lopping off the *parts* which had committed *the crime*. This is speaking plainly enough. A Dash would not have said more, and yet *Mezerai* passes for a chaste and wise writer.

You will alledge, perhaps, that *Yorick* spoke of, and hinted at these impure objects, without necessity, thro' choice, from a spirit of wantonness, and without any other design than to tickle the fancy at the expence of virtue. This side of the objection perplexes me a good deal ;

deal; the answer to it is somewhat difficult, I therefore pass on to my third and last observation, which is,

That obscenity in writing or discourse is not always a proof that a man is either dishonest or immoral; But as I perceive (*Here Mr. Flagellan shook the sand-glass*) that your time is elapsed, and that this point would require a very long discussion, before we could draw any thing from it to the advantage of the deceased, we shall not enter upon it at present, nor perhaps in any future time, but conclude as we proposed, with an *improper* application of what has been said.

Let us learn from the annihilation of Yorick, that licentious wit is a bubble, and that ill-got fame is a capricious strumpet, whose uncertain and transitory smiles portend future infamy and contempt, while decency and virtue are the surest paths to true honour, will, sooner or later captivate the reluctant applause of the most worthless, and be perfectly happy, without it, in the esteem of the wise and good.

F I N I S.

